PERCY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STORY OF ELVIRA.

"MY parents were natives of Dauphiné, and inherited an eſtate near Grenoble; which, though ſmall, as they kept it in their own hands, they found competent to all the neceſſaries, and moſt of the comforts, if not what are conſidered as the luxuries of life.

"They had ſeveral children beſides myſelf, but buried all in their infancy, ſave the unfortunate perſon you now be-

hold, and for whom you are ſo good as to expreſs friendſhip and intereſt.

"My Father's affection for me was unbounded; and, poſſibly owing to the miſfortunes I have related, they both may have been fond of me to a fault. No two people were ever more formed to be, or were more truly happy in each other than my dear parents, till an Aunt of my Mother's, who was a moſt rigid Catholic, by interfering in their mode of bringing me up, interrupted the harmony they had ſo long happily enjoyed together. She had been entruſted with the care of my Mother's education, and ſhe had uſurped an authority, or rather influence over her, which ſhe, poor ſoul, had never reſolution to ſhake off: ſhe unfortunately conceived the *propriety*, as ſhe thought, of my being placed in a Convent, and warmly recommended it. My Father ſtrenuouſly oppoſed it, alledging very reaſonably, that having but one child, he could not relinquiſh the pleaſure he derived from ſuch endearing ſociety.

"For

"For a while, and for the ſame reaſons, my Mother was equally averſe from parting with me, but being over ſwayed by her Aunt, and biaſſed by religion, their joint confeſſor at length, unhappily for me, brought her over to be of the ſame opinion; and ſo ſtrongly did theſe arguments take poſſeſſion of her mind, that ſhe felt pride and pleaſure in even ſacrificing my happineſs and her own comforts, to what ſhe was perſuaded to believe tended to my future ſalvation.

"Though this, as you will readily ſuppoſe, occaſioned many altercations and uneaſy moments between my Father and Mother, to which they had till then been ſtrangers, I, who was, in ſome degree, the innocent cauſe, was, at that time, very well diſpoſed to conform to my Aunt's wiſhes, for I was convinced of my Mother's affection, and that ſhe formed her judgment for what appeared to her my eſſential advantage.

"My poor deceived Mother lived but a few months to experience the miſerable change, from peaceful affectionate quiet, to perpetual contradiction and diſpute. My Father, who was extremely affected at her death, and felt much diſpleaſed with her Aunt's improper interference, determined to keep me at home, in defiance of all *ſhe* might in future urge.

"Soon after, he had occaſion to viſit ſome diſtant relations, and to ſooth his grief, as well as to prevent any intercourſe with the lady who had ſo unfortunately intermeddled in our family concerns, he took me with him to Marſeilles, where we remained ſome weeks. During our ſtay there, I became acquainted with a young man, who ſeemed ſtruck with my perſon, and highly pleaſed with my converſation and company: he, in a ſhort time, poſſeſſed himſelf of my affections, and I flattered myſelf, not without reaſon, that he was every way qualified to render me completely happy. Benevolent, tender-hearted, manly, and courageous, he was the

the pride of his Father's heart, and my ſurviving parent approved, and gave ſanction to our attachment. He invited him into Dauphiné, and offering him a ſhare in our farm, promiſed his conſent to our union, as ſoon as propriety after my Mother's death would allow it.

"My Aunt was ſhortly informed of our intentions, and ſent for my Father, with whom ſhe expoſtulated in vain, upon the iniquity of his ſuffering me to act againſt the will of my deceaſed Mother. It was of no avail that he ſpoke of the merits of my lover, ſhe would hear nothing in his favor, and they parted, more than ever at variance. The time now quickly approached for what we fondly thought our happy union; every ſtep was taken by my indulgent parent to render it as comfortable as his ſituation and circumſtances would admit, when it pleaſed the Almighty to deprive me of him, and nearly at the ſame time, of all hopes of happineſs. His death was ſudden, the eſtate went to the

next male heir, and what little remained for my portion, was in truſt of my Aunt, as he had unfortunately neglected to alter his will after their diſagreement, poſſibly waiting for the completion of my marriage, to do it in favor of my Huſband. Ferdinand did all which the moſt tender affection could prompt to conſole me, as well as to perſuade me to give him a legal title to be my immediate protector: the ſhock I had juſt ſuſtained prevented my agreeing to his propoſal, nor did I then ſuppoſe, now matters had gone ſo far, my Aunt would uſe the barbarous means my Father's omiſſion had left in her power, to ſeparate us for ever. My lover, indeed, had ſad preſages of it when we parted: his farewell was ſolemn, and affecting beyond meaſure—I ſhall never forget it! His looks, his words, plainly indicated that his opinion was, 'we ſhould meet no more;' his preſentiment was ſtrong, and alas! too truly verified; his laſt adieu ſtill vibrates in my ear. Ferdinand I have never again ſeen, nor have I ever reviſited the ſcenes

of

of my former happineſs; excuſe my tears, the goodneſs of your heart, my dear madam, will induce you to pity, and not condemn my weakneſs.

"When I returned to my Aunt, my countenance accorded with the apparel my mournful circumſtances required, but *neither* ſeemed to affect my hard-hearted relation; who, though ſhe did not then mention my taking the veil, rather, I thought, exulted at having me in her power; and ſhe ſoon afterwards convinced me of the entire command ſhe had over me, and of the way ſhe meant to employ it. By the perſuaſions of her prieſt, and in the fear of her threats and ill uſage, which I had reaſon to be too well convinced I ſhould experience without mercy; I was brought, or rather forced, to this retreat—all my tears and intreaties proved vain and fruitleſs—when I mentioned my attachment, and how improperly my mind, devoted to Ferdinand,

was qualified for religious vows, ſhe ſpurned me from her with fury, bade me give up ſuch vain, and ſinful wiſhes, or equally dread her power and reſentment.—Here have I been immured a long fifteen years, but as my ſituation is irremediable, I have long ceaſed to repine. All things are for the beſt which God allows to happen in this world; Ferdinand *might* have died, and I been a wretched widow, or if living, ceaſed to love me; in either caſe, happineſs and Elvira muſt have been ſtrangers to each other, even more than at preſent. Since I have taken the veil, I have never ſeen that cruel Aunt but once; ſhe then told me, that Ferdinand had died in a decline two years before; but whether ſhe only ſaid ſo to reconcile me to my fate, or that ſhe really ſpoke truth, I know not; I believed her at the time, and after the firſt emotions of my grief had ſubſided, it certainly leſſened the weight of my affliction, for I conſidered that he had left a world, in which, I flattered myſelf, he could not be happy without me, for a better,

better, where his virtues would ſtand between him and ſorrow.

" At preſent, though I am not happy, I have ceaſed to be miſerable; your tears, and the occaſion of them, revived the remembrance of my misfortune: I ſaw your ſufferings, and it has been my good fortune to be allowed the honor of attending you; if, in the courſe of my willing duty, I can any way alleviate your ſorrows, the ſimilitude of our fate, and the ſympathy *that* and your goodneſs have given birth to, will, I hope, teach me to do it moſt eſſentially.

" My Aunt ſurvived my Father only ſix years; ſhe left every thing ſhe was poſſeſſed of to this Convent, and I had no particular token of her remembrance or regard, which indeed I neither wiſhed or expected, though my duty had long ſince taught me to forgive her moſt ſincerely, and even charitably to ſuppoſe, that ſhe

had meant me well in every thing ſhe had done."

Here Elvira ended her ſhort, but ſad ſtory, and Julia added the tribute of her tears to the intereſting tale.

During Julia's illneſs the Lady Abbeſs never wrote to the Marquis de Bouillon, although ſhe had promiſed, whatever change took place in the mind of the young perſon entruſted to her care, to acquaint him with it. He was not aware, however, that far from meaning to ſerve him, ſhe intended only to forward her own ſcheme, which went to the full extent of obliging Julia to take the veil: but it is neceſſary to inform the Reader that the Marquis had very different views for placing her in her preſent ſituation: by creating in her young mind a thorough dread of a monaſtic life, he was in hopes of bending her to his purpoſes, and that rather than become a Nun, ſhe would conſent to be the Wife of his Son Roland. The Superior, far from

from forwarding theſe views, uſed every means in her power to render her preſent abode as comfortable as the nature of it would admit, and by her behaviour, demonſtrated, that bigotry, diſſimulation, and hypocriſy, had each an equal ſhare in the compoſition of her mind.

Elvira ſoon confirmed Julia in the opinion ſhe had already formed of the Lady Abbeſs's real intentions reſpecting her; indeed her conduct was too evident to be miſtaken, her very countenance and manner betrayed it upon all occaſions. Permiſſion was given Julia to take the air, but it was in a confined garden ſurrounded by walls, and it did not require the eyes of Argus to perceive that ſhe was eternally watched. Needleſs precaution! the immenſe height of the walls precluding all poſſibility of an eſcape.

CHAP. XXI.

SOON as the Marquis returned to Paris, he ſought an early opportunity of diſcourſing with his Son upon the ſubject which was ever uppermoſt in his mind, and to accompliſh which, he had lately taken ſuch unwarrantable ſteps, but he found his reſolution immoveable, for Roland had cheriſhed his hopes till he found it impoſſible to relinquiſh them. His Father, by ſome means, had been informed of the deſigns of Monſieur de Veſins, and *why* he recommended de Laurens to Adelaide; and as he thought it might have ſome effect upon Roland, he not only mentioned it to him, but very much *enlarged* upon it. Roland received the intelligence with ſuch

ſuch a degree of horror as ſhould have taught the Marquis that he had very little chance of bringing his projects to bear; but being of a perſevering and ſanguine turn of mind, he reſolved to try *every thing* rather than give up what was ſo very near his heart; upon this occaſion, he condeſcended to aſſert a falſhood, with a firm reſolution, that if he failed in his preſent ſtratagem, he would immediately obtain a lettre de cachêt for his Son.

With this view, and with a degree of hypocriſy in his manner, capable of deceiving a more wary and world-tried perſon, he added, " Your conſtancy, my dear Roland, has *ſome* virtue in it, but would have more, if not exerted to counteract a Father, whoſe whole views are concentrated for your happineſs and advancement in life: unfortunately the object of your paſſion is unworthy of any ſerious attachment on your part, for ſhe has cheerfully conſented to her Father's plan, and probably thinks very little, at this moment,

of

of the man who takes a pride in diſobeying a fond parent for her ſake." Language cannot paint the ſituation of Roland when his Father pronounced theſe words: he knew him equal to any violence to effect a favorite purpoſe; but little did he believe, or think him capable of ſtooping to artifices ſo low and baſe as thoſe he was now guilty of. He ſuppoſed, as the Marquis was juſt returned from Rouſillon, that his intelligence was but too well founded; and, unfortunately gave it implicit belief.

The courtier exulting in his ſucceſs, immediately obtained a peremptory order from the war miniſter, to oblige Roland, on ſome pretence, to join his regiment without delay, which was, at that time, ſerving in the Netherlands; and in order to preclude all poſſibility of his going any where but to the place of his deſtination, he thought proper himſelf to accompany him.

So

So intent was the Marquis upon his own ſchemes, and their improved aſpect, that during their journey, and the few days he ſtayed with him in his quarters, he made no obſervation upon the declining health of his Son, which was, notwithſtanding, very materially injured by the wound his feelings had ſo deeply received.

He left him in the moſt deſponding ſtate, unknowing what to do: at times he ventured to doubt the reality of what he heard, flattering himſelf that his Father might have been miſinformed, but never once ſuſpecting him guilty of a deceit, he could not think a gentleman capable of. But when he recollected, that no one ever ventured to deceive the Marquis, whoſe penetration few could exceed, and that he would not have ſpoken with ſuch confidence, had there been a poſſibility of a doubt, even his faith in Adelaide was conquered, and his hopes were daſhed for ever.

Great

Great God! what miſery may not one tyrannically diſpoſed perſon, armed with power, (as unfortunately for his connections was this Marquis) bring upon his whole family! Under the influence of avarice and ambition, he obſtinately purſued his courſe, thinking only of the object he wiſhed to attain, without regarding by what paths he arrived at it, or what enormities he was obliged to commit by the way.

Hitherto the world had only ſmiled upon him, and his ſchemes had generally been crowned with ſucceſs, but in his preſent purſuit, he was preparing for himſelf trials, from which, with all his boaſted wiſdom and foreſight, he could never hope to extricate himſelf, and where his cunning left him fairly in the lurch, equally unable to ſtem them, or even to bear them like a man.

Lady Percy having received no tidings of her beloved Julia from the time her cruel

eruel Uncle tore her from her arms, was in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction; and unable to ſuſtain her painful doubts, ſhe determined to follow them to Paris, where ſhe arrived nearly at the ſame moment that her Brother returned from Flanders; he cruelly witheld from her all information reſpecting Julia, except that he had placed her in perfect ſecurity, ſafe from every attempt which her Engliſh lover might be diſpoſed to make.

He was deaf to every intreaty this tender Mother could urge, and with cold inſenſibility, anſwered the warmth of her ſolicitude, by ſaying, "that he was ſorry ſhe did not approve of his meaſures."

He then, for the firſt time, hinted to her his wiſhes for her Daughter's converſion, and the ſteps he had taken to enſure it, which he termed additional reaſons for his keeping her preſent ſituation a profound ſecret.

In

In the courſe of this converſation, (if ardent intreaty on the one ſide, and cold refuſal on the other, can be ſo called) he confeſſed, that his intentions were to oblige Julia to take the veil, at the expiration of a twelvemonth, if, with fooliſh pertinacity, ſhe ſtill refuſed the honor he had before intended her.

Lady Percy was herſelf of the Romiſh perſuaſion, but it had been her Huſband's wiſh, and her promiſe, that their children ſhould be Proteſtants; and as her word, as well as his wiſhes, had always been ſacred with her, the Marquis's preſent purpoſe, now juſt revealed, greatly augmented the grief and doubtful anxiety with which her mind was torn.

The duplicity of her Brother's conduct raiſed in her more reſentment than it had been uſual for the ſerenity of her mind to experience: all rectitude herſelf, ſhe little doubted the veracity of another: deceived by poſſeſſing the ſame amiable diſpoſition which

which had led Roland into an error fatal to his happineſs, ſhe turned from her Brother in deſpair, and ſought an interview with the Marchioneſs and her Daughter. She found them as ignorant as they were inattentive to her loſs.

Their uſual indifference to the happineſs of others, being juſt then heightened by the marked attentions of an Italian Count, whoſe ſplendid appearance and equipage, drove every thing elſe out of their thoughts, not leaving the ſmalleſt ſpace for compaſſion or affection.

From relatives ſo vain and inſenſible, poor Lady Percy had little to hope, but many days had not elapſed before an event, in which they were all deeply concerned, produced the wiſhed for information, by means, however, which very much diminiſhed the ſatisfaction ſhe would otherwiſe have derived from it.

An expreſs arrived, informing the Marquis

quis that his Son was at the point of death; he intreated his Father would condeſcend to come to him, that he might have the comfort of receiving his parental bleſſing before he expired. His phyſician requeſted that his journey might not be delayed, for he entertained very ſerious apprehenſions that his patient had not long to live.

At the moment the Marquis was ſhocked with theſe unwelcome tidings; he felt *truly*, for the firſt time perhaps, that he was a Father; and in an inſtant his mind was awakened to all the real feelings of a parent apprehenſive of the immediate diſſolution of a beloved child.

Overpowered with grief, as he was collecting reſolution to prepare for his immediate journey, another misfortune was announced to him. The Italian, before mentioned, had won the affections of his Daughter, and well knowing that neither his character or the ſtate of his finances would

would bear the ſlighteſt ſcrutiny, he prevailed over her weak mind; and perſuaded her to elope with him. From this adventurer, and the mate he had ſo worthily ſelected, we return to the Marquis, who now in deſpair, is become an object of compaſſion. This ſecond misfortune upon his houſe, aggravating as it was, and cruelly mortifying to his family pride, was little felt: the loſs of Roland, placed in his grave, perhaps, by the ambitious and nefarious projects of a parent, awakened him to all the horrors of his ſituation, and a prey to remorſe and heart-felt ſorrow; the folly of his Wife and Daughter was forgotten, which, a few minutes before, would have rouſed his indignation and reſentment almoſt to inſanity.

Nearly conſidering himſelf as the murderer of his Son, he could find little juſtice or reaſon to accuſe the Marchioneſs for being the means of throwing away his Daughter upon a vagabond adventurer.

The

The firſt, we may add *proper* uſe he made of this moment of contrition, was to inform his Siſter to what Convent he had taken Julia. The extent of his misfortunes totally diſarmed that lady of every veſtage of reſentment, and ſhe thanked him as ſincerely for the favor he then conferred upon her, as if ſhe had *ever* received returns of fraternal kindneſs from him, and afforded to his diſtreſs all the conſolation the goodneſs of her affection could ſuggeſt. Alive to every ſentiment of pity, her wrongs were all forgotten, and the affectionate Siſter, in the misfortunes of her Brother, loſt ſight of the man who cauſed them.

It is hardly neceſſary to acquaint the Reader, that no time was loſt by either of them, and that whilſt the few preparations were making for the Marquis, he wrote to Madame de Veſins in terms very oppoſite to what proſperity would have dictated.

He acquainted her with his Son's alarming

ing ſtate, and, in the fullneſs of his grief, related by *what means* he had been reduced to it, apparently wiſhing, by a candid confeſſion, to throw off ſome of the load of miſery that oppreſſed him.

He earneſtly beſought Madame de Veſins to prevail upon her Huſband to grant his conſent to the only means which could poſſibly ſave his Son, and to perſuade Adelaide to ſend the wiſhed-for intelligence by the ſhorteſt route to Flanders.

This letter arriving juſt as Monſieur de Laurens had departed in extreme vexation and diſappointment, was, therefore, well received by the Father, who already anticipated pecuniary aſſiſtance from the union, thus ſanctioned by the Marquis.

When poor Adelaide was informed of the circumſtances which led to this extraordinary and unlooked-for change, ſhe was inconſolable, and preſſed her Mother to accompany her to her beloved Roland,

but

but ſhe was induced at length to relinquiſh any idea for the preſent, of ſuch a journey, her affectionate Mother making her ſenſible of its inutility towards her lover's recovery. The letter ſhe wrote, and the diſcovery the Marquis would make to his Son, would reach him much ſooner than ſhe poſſibly could, and every expectation might be formed of *their* efficacy, if any hopes remained of his recovery.

Her letter was diſpatched with all the ſpeed poſſible to give it; and ſhe remained agitated and depreſſed alternately, anxiouſly awaiting intelligence which was to ſtamp her happy or miſerable for the remainder of her days.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

LADY PERCY had reaſon to expect the arrival of Sir Herbert Montgomery (if not her Son) in Paris, having written to appriſe them of Julia's departure from Rouſillon, immediately upon her Uncle's taking her away, and adviſed their meeting her in that Capital without loſs of time; but having procured intelligence from her Brother where ſhe could find Julia, ſhe could not delay a moment ſeeking her abode, more eſpecially when ſhe reflected on the terms and views for which the Marquis had confeſſed he left her there: ſhe had the precaution to leave proper directions for her Son or Sir Herbert, if either of them ſhould arrive in her abſence, how

they were to follow, and ſhe took the neareſt road and moſt expeditious way of travelling to the Convent. Her journey was proſperous, but alas! its end was fruitleſs, and the fond Mother had to experience afflictions, and ſuffer pangs, ſhe was little able to bear.

It is neceſſary the Reader ſhould be informed that a few nights previous to her arrival, a fire had happened in the Convent which had deſtroyed a conſiderable part of it: by what means, or where it had originated, had not been diſcovered: its fury and rapid extenſion had been ſuch, that ſeveral perſons were miſſing, ſuppoſed to have periſhed in the flames; poor Julia was of that number, and the Lady Abbeſs and ſome of the moſt bigotted of the community, who had eſcaped, as wiſely, as charitably ſuppoſed; that this misfortune on the Convent was a judgment upon it, if not for harbouring a heretic at any rate, for treating her with ſo much lenity.

It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the ſituation of the fond Mother's mind, when this ſhocking cataſtrophe was related to her, we therefore ſhall forbear the attempt. The ſlender hopes given her, that in the general confuſion and diſmay which reigned during the terrible moments of the conflagration, Julia might have eſcaped, ſhe conſidered meant, as they really were, only to leſſen the ſhock.

Elvira, who watched over her with the ſame attentive compaſſion ſhe had done *her* Daughter; knew better than to indulge her with ſtrong expectations; juſtly fearing that ſhe would ſuffer more poignantly afterwards, when thoſe expectations ſhould ceaſe, and all hope die away for ever. She did better; ſhe awakened, as much as in her power, the mind of Lady Percy to the only conſolation which it could, in her deep misfortune, poſſibly reſort to, a pious reſignation to the unſearchable wiſdom of God, which ordereth all things for the beſt, however otherwiſe they may appear

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to the view of mortals, ſhort ſighted and limited as they are. She was well aware, that to ſuch a diſpoſition, and the lenient hand of time, Lady Percy muſt look only for any degree of compoſure; and Elvira having herſelf, when misfortune bore hard upon her, reaped the advantages ſhe wiſhed her diſtreſſed mourner to be in poſſeſſion of, was as well qualified to awaken in her a diſpoſition ſuitable to her preſent ſituation, as Lady Percy, who had ever been of a religious turn, was to receive and derive comfort from it. She had been much overcome by the hurried, anxious, and repeated journies ſhe had taken, and the treatment ſhe had received from her Brother had ſerved to exhauſt the reſources of her conſtitution; it now therefore, became neceſſary for her to remain quiet, and, if poſſible, reſt her mind, through which only her body could reenjoy health, and regain ſtrength.

CHAP. XXIII.

In this painful ſtate of ſuſpence we muſt leave Lady Percy, and not without impatience return to the north wing of her Son's Caſtle; and feel particular pleaſure (in which we hope our Readers will proceed with us) in announcing, that after a night of ſweet repoſe, in which his ſlumbers were viſited by dreams of the moſt agreeable forms, he awoke, infinitely refreſhed; and the ſun beginning to dart his fervid rays through the diamond-ſhaped panes of the antique caſements, he left his pillow and repaired to his workmen, to follow up the plans of improvement and neceſſary reparation he had conſidered and determined.

The character and features of his Caſtle, as well as grounds, he reſolved carefully to preſerve, and to venture upon alteration with a cautious, or rather timid hand, only where abſolute convenience, or actual deformity, rendered it neceſſary. His labourers felt glowing pleaſure in working under the eye of their beneficent maſter, and from the employment they ſaw he was planning for them, gratefully rejoiced in the proſpect, that plenty would again crown their humble boards, ſmile upon, and bleſs the partners of their cares and their infant families.

The kindneſs and generous offices he had found frequent opportunities of exerciſing during his tour to thoſe whom fortune, and not deſert, had made diſtreſſed and dependent, left a ſweet calm upon his mind, which beamed in his countenance, and demonſtrated itſelf in all his words and actions. *His* misfortune was become ſupportable, as in it he had not the painful addition of his own conſcience to upbraid him,

him, nor did he feel the corroding remorſe which, upon the ſame occaſion, had harrowed up the ſoul of the unfortunate and guilty Nottingham; the ſure puniſhment to thoſe who indulge improperly paſſions of any nature; that canker to all happineſs, which the waters of Lethe (ſuppoſing them endued with the fancied powers given them by ancient fable) could never waſh away, or leſſen, and which can *never* be abated but by the help of Divine Providence and our own genuine ſincere repentance and humility. Sir Albert, on the contrary, poſſeſſed that ſerenity of mind which is the invariable companion of univerſal benevolence, conſcious rectitude of heart, and pious reſignation to the diſpenſations of Heaven; and the chaſtening trials, however ſevere, which he had experienced, he endeavoured to ſuſtain with becoming fortitude, at leaſt, without a murmur.

About the dead hour of the enſuing night, two of his domeſtics, who uſually attended about Sir Albert's perſon, and

ſlept in an adjoining chamber to that of their maſter, were ſuddenly awakened by a loud voice in his room: the words uttered were theſe: "In the name of Heaven, what art thou, what are thy deſigns?" Soon, or rather *immediately* after, they thought they heard other ſounds upon the floor, in the ſame room, and the diſcharge of a piſtol, or ſome fire arms; to which ſucceeded an awful ſilence.

However terrified at firſt, they recovered ſufficient recollection to feel extreme alarm for the ſafety of their maſter, and with one conſent haſtened to his door, which they found faſtened within, and where they liſtened, but could hear nothing; at length, after ſome conſultation, they forced it open, but to their aſtoniſhment, neither ſaw or heard their beloved Lord.

Perhaps his preſence was never more ardently wiſhed for by them than at this moment, and the ſound of his voice would have

have been, without doubt, moſt delightful muſic to their ears; but alas! they had no ſuch conſolation, and they reflected with diſmay, that had any *living* perſon been in the room, the noiſe they had made in breaking open the door muſt have rouſed them. Darkneſs ſerved to increaſe their doubts and terror; what to do they knew not, nor indeed were they much in a ſituation to undertake any thing.

At length, mutually encouraging each other, they called forth all their ſpirit to their aid, and having (but not without ſome difficulty, it muſt be confeſſed) ſettled the point of ceremony, of who ſhould remain there, the other poſted away with *becoming* alacrity to alarm the reſt of the family, and to procure lights.

The ſteward and other ſervants were ſoon collected, and led to the ſcene, now really growing unaccountably intereſting: they found the ſervant exactly in the place his comrade had deſcribed, and he declared

that nothing had paſſed him in the doorway, nor did he believe that any thing had ſtirred, or even breathed, within his maſter's room. Credit was readily given to him by them all for his watchful attention, and Wentworth, followed by the family, entered the room, not knowing what to dread, or what to expect; nevertheleſs, a very viſible agitation poſſeſſed them. How were they amazed, when they found their maſter's bed warm indeed, but without the precious perſon that had made it ſo.

In the room, no indication could point out, how he had vaniſhed, or where he was gone; his clothes, and *only one* piſtol, were by the ſide of his bed, in their uſual ſituation; the other piſtol (the report of which had probably been heard) had diſappeared alſo. The two ſervants who had given the alarm were immediately queſtioned concerning what they knew; they mentioned the loud words, diſtinctly ſpoken, *they believed*, by their maſter, and which had

had at firſt alarmed them; the diſcharge of the piſtol, and the ſubſequent noiſe, which *they ſuppoſed* to have been on the floor; further they could yield no intelligence, and what they related led to no diſcovery.

The ſagacious and truſty ſteward was about to ſecure them, and to confine them ſeparately, as the only witneſſes who could throw any light on this dreadful and amazing adventure, until their examination could be entered into before ſome of the neighbouring nobility, to whom he intended to give immediate information of what had happened, when an alarm, which for a few moments even ſuſpended all *his* courage and recollection, now impelled him, and his whole *retinue* through the door-way into the gallery.

Our Readers will, it is preſumed, remember the DREAM or VISION which whilom had appalled the once dauntleſs hero of theſe pages, and which, with all

his reflection and good ſenſe, he had hardly been able to baniſh from his mind. Something which bore a ſtrong reſemblance to the ſame ſupernatural appearance, now cauſed the terror and diſmay which ſeized thoſe who had but a few minutes before repaired under the command of Wentworth, with ſuch alacrity, to the reſcue or defence of their beloved maſter.

An uncommon noiſe had firſt cauſed ſome emotion; it arreſted the attention of the braver part among them, and *viſibly* awakened the fears of thoſe more ſuſceptible of apprehenſion: but as they were eagerly, and ſomewhat confuſedly, conſidering from what and whence it might proceed, part of the ſide of the room appeared to open upwards, and, fearful to relate, a figure *all in white*, and another half armed, ſtood before them.

If we recollect how their fancies had been wound up by the diſappearance of Sir Albert, which could no ways be accounted for,

for, and which added to the belief *then* rather generally entertained, that departed ſpirits ſometimes reviſited the earth, and became viſible for particular purpoſes, we ſhall loſe much of our aſtoniſhment at the power and nature of *their* fears.

In theſe enlightened days, it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay, that their apprehenſions were groundleſs, as far as related to any thing ſupernatural, and ſome of our Readers will, ere this, have developed the myſterious appearance of the figure clad in white, which they will eaſily gueſs was no other than the loſt Lord of the manſion, Sir Albert Percy, but it would require more knowledge in divination than we are willing to allow them, if we ſuppoſed they knew who was the other perſon with him, partly armed, as he has before been deſcribed.

The well-known and moſt welcome voice of their maſter ſoon recalled the departed courage of his domeſtics, and their

their perſons, nearly at the ſame moment, into his preſence. He gave his companion to their care, with *proper injunctions*, and immediately proceeded to dreſs himſelf, for his *ghoſt-like* appearance, as we ſhall take the liberty of calling it, was not owing to want of ſubſtance, but to that of clothes, which being at hand, he was very ſoon again a moſt *material* perſonage in the groupe. "Fellow," ſaid he to the ruffian-like priſoner, in a ſolemn and determined tone, "as thou loveſt life, or what ought to be to thee of infinitely more conſequence, as thou regardeſt thy ſoul's health, lead on to where thou ſayeſt thy captives are concealed." The man thus appealed to, obeyed without an anſwer; Sir Albert, his faithful ſteward, and the houſhold, followed in profound ſilence, not knowing where they were to be led, or for what purpoſe, each conjecturing in his own way, all differently, and probably all wrong.

They proceeded in this order to the end

end of the gallery, and at the extremity of it, the door of the turret which ſtood at the angle was unlocked by their guide; within it was a circular ſtone ſtair-caſe that led up to the battlements, and wás the way combuſtible and other materials of defence were carried up in times of attack, and from whence the foe were annoyed by every contrivance uſual in thoſe days; this was the only uſe the turret or ſtairs were remembered for, but as it had never been much examined by the family then reſident, a door under the ſtair-caſe, and which opened to a flight of ſtairs, and deſcended in the ſame manner as thoſe above, had eſcaped the notice of any preſent, except the ruffian, who immediately unlocking that alſo, they deſcended, and found themſelves in a long paſſage under the gallery, in which they had not ventured far, when a violent guſt of wind, which had found its way by the opening of the doors above through the long paſſages, in a moment extinguiſhed all their lights, and left them not in the moſt enviable

able ſituation in the world, and we wiſh we could add, without ſymptoms, in ſome, of unmanly fear, but we feel bound to record the truth.

Sir Albert, his ſteward, and the ruffian, were in a moment left alone; a ſtill ſilence reigned throughout, except when the echoing ſteps of the precipitately retreating ſervants broke in upon it, or when the whiſtling wind in long and hollow ſounding blaſts made the gloom more horrible.

Judge Reader, if thou canſt; what were Sir Albert Percy's emotions, during one of theſe melancholy ſilent moments, when he heard his name pronounced in feeble deſponding accents, proceeding, as far as he could judge, from a female in diſtreſs; after a ſhort pauſe, again his name was more diſtinctly invoked by the ſame voice; faint as it was, the words ſufficiently reached his ears: "Oh my Percy, what have I ſuffered for thee? how long am I doomed to drag on this miſerable exiſt-

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ence without hope of alleviation or relief? Alas! thou wilt never know how miſerably I have fallen, and that my laſt ſighs and prayers were for thy happineſs, thou beſt, moſt beloved of men." In a loud blaſt of wind, the plaintive mourner's words again died away, and left Percy almoſt petrified, fixed with horror and amazement to the ſpot on which he ſtood; before he could recover, another ſtill moment allowed him to diſtinguiſh this piteous continuation: "In *thee* have I truſted, O God, *thy* will be done; ſpare, O ſpare a Mother's pangs, if ſhe yet lives, if not,———" the noiſe the ſervants now made, in their return with lanthorns, prevented his hearing more. The door through which the doleful plaints had iſſued was unlocked, and the trembling Percy held in his arms, his *fainting, almoſt dead*, MATILDA!! After ſome moments, ſhe opened her lovely eyes, and although they were become almoſt uſeleſs, from long accuſtomed darkneſs, ſhe ſoon diſtinguiſhed ſufficiently to be ſenſible of her

her deliverance, and that ſhe owed her ſafety, and even life, to him for whom only ſhe had ever thought it worth preſerving. It is impoſſible to do juſtice to the feelings of Percy, at this moment, nor could he give utterance to them; ſurpriſe, rapture, and thankſgiving, broke forth in his firſt effuſions, and then gave place to the tendereſt concern for her accommodation: ſhe was removed with her attendant (the companion of her captivity and miſfortunes) into apartments better ſuited to her angel form, and delicate frame, than the loathſome dungeon in which ſhe had been immured.

The moment her recollection was properly returned, ſhe ſtartled Sir Albert, by enquiring with anxiety for her Mother, as if unmindful of the dangers ſhe had occaſioned her: Percy gave her an evaſive anſwer, as ſhe was as yet unequal to being made acquainted with her death, the horrors of her end, he reſolved *never* to unfold, but only to touch upon her having felt

felt remorſe before ſhe expired. He intreated her for the preſent to be compoſed, aſſuring her, that it was not in *his* power to give her any *ſatisfaction* upon the ſubject of Lady Nottingham. Matilda lamented his inability to impart the wiſhed-for information, but not entering into the full force of his expreſſions, ſhe had no ſuſpicion, and therefore hoped the beſt.

Aſſiſtance and comfort were now within her reach; but light, liberty, and Albert, were reſtoratives more powerful and efficacious than art could furniſh. In a few days her health was reſtored, and her beauty recovering, to the ſuperlative delight of the enamoured Percy.

CHAP. XXIV.

It is now neceſſary, as well as convenient, to explain where Sir Albert had been during the conſternation his ſudden diſappearance had created in his apartment: know then, Reader, that he was awoke in nearly the ſame manner as when he firſt lay there, but his mind and body having recovered their wonted ſtrength, they enabled him to act very differently, and to atchieve what we have already related; by which, O glorious recompence! he became an immediate inſtrument in effecting the happy releaſe of his beloved Matilda, whom he had ſuppoſed loſt to him for ever.

A con-

A confuſed noiſe had firſt rouſed him, and he inſtinctively ſeized one of his piſtols, conveniently placed by him; the ſame impulſe made him riſe up in his bed to diſcover from whence the alarm proceeded, and where the danger lay; he then ſaw the tapeſtry drawn up, and the ruffian we have before made acquaintance with, enter his room, from a concealed door behind it, with a dark lantern in one hand, and ſome keys in the other: with collected reſolution, Sir Albert queſtioned him in the manner already told, and the midnight intruder (for guilt is ever cowardly) remained *panic-ſtruck*, not expecting ſuch a ſalutation where he thought no one reſided; the firſt hint returning reaſon gave him, was to meditate a retreat, but Percy perceiving his intention, diſcharged the piſtol at his head, and almoſt at the ſame inſtant ruſhed from his bed, and ſecured him; as he was not wounded, they both ſallied forth through the concealed door, which cloſed upon them, and the

tapeſtry

tapeſtry returned again to its uſual ſituation: fear and deſpair gave the ruffian ſpeed, who made but one leap down a narrow ſtone ſtair-caſe, and was now in a fair way of making his eſcape, but the *prayers* of the priſoners in the vaults below, had been heard, and he fell at the bottom of them, where his purſuer, fearleſs of the numbers which *might* come to his reſcue, ſeized and ſecured him; and ſuch apprehenſions (had Sir Albert indulged them) would not have been unfounded, or he was ignorant of their weight, though he deſpiſed them, for the inſtant the ruffian had retreated through the concealed door, he loudly called to his *companions* for aſſiſtance, but *fear* had lent his comrades wings, and they were already at a convenient diſtance: they had heard the *challenge*, and the report of the piſtol, as they were following him up, and never thought of his danger, but only conſulted their *own* ſafety. *Such* friendſhip and help have the wicked and vicious to expect from

from each other, when ſelf-preſervation makes it their intereſt to deſert or betray.

The vanquiſhed man, finding there was no chance of reſcue or ſuccour, built his hopes of pardon *on better grounds*; confeſſed his crimes, and revealed the purpoſe for which he, and thoſe who had followed, (but were now flown through fear) had come there; and he now offered *voluntarily* to conduct our hero to *where* this hiſtory has before ſeen him.

The preſence of ſuch an unexpected and numerous aſſembly of perſons of Sir Albert's family, as were collected in his room when he returned to it, and their *diſmay* when he raiſed the tapeſtry and ſtood before them, holding the ruffian, as a teſtimony of his triumph by the arm, with the inſtantaneous *ruſh* they made, their terrified ſtruggles and attempts to be firſt through the door-way, diverted their maſter, who eaſily conceived the cauſe of their fears; *not ſo* his companion, who could no

had the ſtill more painful aggravation to my miſery, of being peremptorily ordered by my Mother to give my hand to your rival.

" I uſed every argument which reaſon could dictate, or love inſpire, to perſuade maternal tenderneſs in pity, to relinquiſh ſuch a purpoſe, and not to render an only child miſerable through life.

" My prayers and reaſons were vain and ineffectual, and my Mother's firmneſs to her reſolution only increaſed by what ſhe termed, 'my obſtinate reſiſtance to her wiſhes.' In conſequence of my determined refuſal to yield my hand to the hated Beaufort, (more *hated* becauſe he took an unmanly advantage of my Mother's ambitious views, to place an everlaſting bar betwixt happineſs and the wretched Matilda) Lady Nottingham ſuddenly conveyed me to one of her Caſtles, where, by endearing inſinuations the moſt affectionate, ſhe firſt tempted me to renounce my faith

faith plighted to you (my Albert) before Heaven, and in preſence of my then conſiderate and feeling Mother.

"When even that was found inſufficient, and that I retained a juſt ſenſe of my paſt vows, rigorous treatment was then reſorted to, and I was confined in a diſtant turret of the Caſtle, where I could ſee nothing but the ſurrounding hills, and the attendant my Mother had provided to be my jailor; *ſhe*, kind girl, ſaw my grief, and pitied it; ſhe did more; as *I* muſt with gratitude ever remember, ſhe eſſayed by every attention and alleviation to ſoften the ſeverity of my fate, but ſhe could afford none which yielded ſuch hope-giving conſolation, as the means ſhe furniſhed me of making, as I hoped, my Albert acquainted with my deſtiny.

"Being ſupplied by Eliza with neceſſary implements, I wrote to you; and often moſt ſeriouſly have I repented of it ſince. How my Mother knew of my letter, I

have not learned, but it did not come to her knowledge time enough to prevent the departure of the melancholy lines I addreſſed to you.

" My affectionate moſt faithful ſervant was removed; and my Mother, fearful that you would make ſome efforts to counteract her ſchemes, and prevent my union with Beaufort, (and no doubt inſtigated by him) hurried from the Caſtle, taking me, and a female relation with her. The man I juſtly conſidered as the author of my unhappy fate, took the ſame route, and with incredible haſte, we purſued our way, as I afterwards found, towards Dover.

" Almoſt immediately upon our arrival, my Mother left me, called away, as ſhe ſaid, by ſome important affairs, to which ſhe and Beaufort were unexpectedly ſummoned by a courier from London: at parting, ſhe ſternly informed me that I muſt now conſider *that lady* (pointing to the

the relation who accompanied us) as my only guardian and adviſer, for that ſhe had the ſole direction of my deſtiny, and would take me to where, probably, my courageous obſtinacy againſt a fond Mother's wiſh would keep me immured the remainder of my life.

" This ſudden reſolve, (for I was before ignorant as to her intentions) the cold hard-hearted manner in which I was caſt from a Mother's protection, to go I knew not whither, had nearly deprived me of ſenſe, and left me, if not a willing, a reſiſtleſs victim to their cruel ſchemes.

" On our arrival at Dover, I was inſtantly conveyed to the cabin of a veſſel previouſly hired for the purpoſe, where, with my companion, and a female ſervant, I remained but a ſhort time before we ſailed, as I was informed, for Calais.

" The ſea ſoon, in my ignorant and fearful apprehenſion, threatened to over-

whelm us with its billows: ſome time after, amidſt the uproar which prevailed, we heard noiſes that attracted our attention, but more forcibly alarmed our fears; ſeveral violent exploſions, which we took to be the firing of ordnance (as indeed it proved) convulſed the cabin we were in, and ſeemed to threaten the whole wooden habitation with deſtruction; preſently after, our fears increaſed at the ſound of loud tumultuous voices, and in an inſtant the doors of our apartment were broke open; ſeveral armed men ruſhed in and rifled every place where property could be concealed, and with all their booty, (amongſt which our baggage appeared conſiderable) they lifted me and my attendant, almoſt dead, into a ſmall boat, in which, by their cool undaunted ſkill, our lives were preſerved, but which appeared in momentary danger of being ſwallowed in the opening gulph, and buried by the angry waves; to me it was almoſt immaterial, for my fate was ſo cruel and ſtrange, and I was ſo ill, from being unaccuſtomed

to

to the element I was upon, that loſt to all earthly conſideration, I was little capable of reflection. My companion in calamity, I have reaſon to believe, had no clearer conception of what awaited us than I had, and what became of my guardian, I know not, only that ſhe was left in the veſſel. I have long forgiven her, but I can remember no cauſe ſhe gave me to love her, as I ever found, when my Mother was exaſperated againſt me, that *ſhe* was always ready to urge the Counteſs to, what ſhe termed, deciſive meaſures for my welfare.

" We were ſoon more commodiouſly lodged in another veſſel, and the man, whom we ſuppoſed to be the Commander, bade us be chearful; ' Your lives are ſafe,' ſaid he, ' for you are amongſt *men of honor*, who love beautiful women too much to do them harm:' their deportment, however, and appearance, made us doubt in fear, the character they gave themſelves, which, to us, ſeemed clad in a more ferocious and uncooth garb than we had

ever before witneſſed, or than we thought it poſſible *honor* could aſſume. Surely there never was ſeen an aſſemblage of human beings, whoſe features and behaviour beſpoke ſuch hardened want of humanity and kindneſs. In numbers they were conſiderable, and their arms and ſtrength made them appear, to me, moſt formidable; terrifying and diſguſting they certainly were to my bewildered and diſmayed ſenſes.

" What had alarmed me as a dangerous ſtorm before, I now, by ſad experience, found had been a trifling gale; it ſoon became in reality a tempeſt, as you well know my Percy. For two days our bark was made the ſport of wind and wave, ſuch as, I believe, were never ſeen before, and from which Providence has ſeldom allowed any of its creatures, who were unluckily on the ſurface of the deep, to eſcape with life. Many reaſons; among others, the converſation of ſome of the crew, who came down with a lanthorn for ſome-

ſomething wanted upon deck, gave us to underſtand, in their ſhocking expreſſions, that they almoſt momentarily expected the ſhip would ceaſe to ſwim, and that we ſhould all periſh.

" Life is ever precious, and our nature wiſhes and ſtruggles to retain it, even when it is ſcarcely deſirable or worth preſerving; but I hope your Matilda will never again ſee the moment when ſhe would part from it with ſo little reluctance as in the period of this our long ſuſpence.

" On the third day the weather moderated, though, being below, I could perceive but little alteration, but our crew gave themſelves up to joy, and, I am afraid, to drunkenneſs, from the noiſy ſongs and loud mirth in their carouſals; which at times, we could plainly hear. On that evening they ran their veſſel into a ſmall harbour; in an inſtant all was ſtill

and calm, and every motion ceaſed, as if by magic.

"The Captain, for ſo he was called, entered our cabin, and, in language coarſe as his appearance, acquainted us with the danger we had eſcaped, and were now free from: he deſired we would prepare to land, whilſt the ſhip underwent repairs, abſolutely neceſſary, before ſhe could ſtand to ſea again; we were then placed in a boat which came from the ſhore, and were landed ſafely, if the barren rock we were upon could be dignified with the name of land. We perceived a few ſmall ſtone houſes, or rather hovels, inhabited by fiſhermen; one leſs mean than the others, had a ſort of ſign, which intimated that it was a houſe of entertainment, to which we were conducted: there we procured a room, and incommodious as it was, when compared to the loathſome cabin we had juſt quitted, it appeared to be a palace: we obtained refreſhment, and what we ſtood more in need of, reſt. And now,

my

my dear Percy, as I ſee how much I have already affected you by theſe minutias of my diſtreſſes, I ſhall give you time to recover, and finiſh my relation at a future moment; in the mean time let me ſpeak to you upon a ſubject which is, at preſent, neareſt my heart."—Here ſhe pauſed, when ſeeing Sir Albert ſomewhat recovered from the ſtrong emotions her ſtory had occaſioned, ſhe addreſſed him with a manner, in which elegance and ſweet affection were moſt happily blended, in nearly theſe words:

" Having, my dear friend, given you ſome information, and time to compoſe yourſelf, I muſt now, in token of your gratitude, beg you will exert every endeavour to place me again with Lady Nottingham; I do not wiſh to play the hypocrite, for I muſt allow that I have *not* experienced what I expected from a Mother's tenderneſs, yet that muſt not make *me* forget, for a moment, the duty I owe to a parent."

Seeing Sir Albert much affected, and not underſtanding, at that time, the cauſe of his emotions, ſhe proceeded: "I remember, with peculiar ſatisfaction, that it was your acknowledged worth, my Percy," giving him her hand with enchanting condeſcenſion, "that firſt attracted my regard, long before your other more ſhining qualifications and accompliſhments took poſſeſſion of my youthful heart; the obligation I now owe you, renders you, if poſſible, more dear to me than ever; and I moſt ſolemnly promiſe never to unite my hand with any other: a promiſe, which, after all I have endured for your ſake, you will not be inclined to doubt; and the moment it is in my power, I will be inevitably yours: my heart, in the mean time, *muſt* be your ſecurity, *that* you ſhall have in your good keeping. I hope I ſhall now ſee that I have not been deceived in the high opinion I have formed of you, but that you are all I fondly believed when firſt I yielded my affections to your love. If you are not changed,

and

and it would be miſery to harbour ſuch a doubt, you will at once ſee the propriety and neceſſity of immediately diſpatching a courier to acquaint my Mother with my preſent ſituation and miraculous eſcape."

Percy had been conſiderably agitated by contending emotions, and was ſtruck with grief at what he had to relate, and admiration of the noble ſentiments of Matilda: his paſſion could admit of no increaſe, but it experienced conſiderable refinement when inſpired by her exalted virtue. It was a moſt painful taſk to acquaint her with the death of her Mother, as a reconciliation was evidently ſo much wiſhed for by Matilda, yet he determined no longer to delay giving her the neceſſary information; and having began by acquainting her with the Queen's deceaſe, he broke it to her by degrees, having firſt excited her *ſuſpicions* and *alarms*, ſo as to prevent the violence of a ſhock.

She was very ſincerely and deeply affected,

fected, although the moſt painful parts of the event, as we have before mentioned, he made a point of having carefully concealed from her, and endeavoured by all his addreſs and tenderneſs, to do away the ſorrowful reflections occaſioned by her not having been perſonally reconciled to the Counteſs before her death.

At this time, accounts arrived from abroad of the tyranny of the Marquis, but the tender and conſiderate Lady Percy, although ſhe expreſſed her deſire to ſee either her Son or Montgomery, ſuppreſſed all particulars of her miſery, at leaſt, cautioned the latter not to alarm his friend, while there was a poſſibility of diſcovering the ſituation of Julia. Sir Herbert wrote to Percy, telling him that his own immediate attendance was required in France, and that the accounts from thence were ſo very unſatisfactory, it was utterly impoſſible for him to delay his departure an inſtant: Julia was at preſent in the power of her Uncle, and he had only to hope,

and

and depend upon, the honor and truth of Roland, together with his firmneſs, or he ſhould think finding her ſingle totally improbable. Percy was in a temper of mind to view things in *the beſt light*, and placed his hopes and dependance upon the integrity and proper ſpirit of his young kinſman; he ſorely lamented the ſuſpence his Mother and Siſter muſt be in, and fully accounted to Montgomery for his not being able now to accompany him; he flattered himſelf the intelligence of Matilda's ſafety, together with the arrival of Montgomery, would be cordials ſufficient to Lady Percy: Alas! how little did he or Montgomery ſuſpect in what a ſituation this poor lady was at the moment they received theſe diſpatches, and that, in all human probability, there did not exiſt ſuch a perſon as their beloved Julia.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

We now return to the narrative of Matilda, which we ſhall finiſh in our own words. Know then, Reader, that the veſſel engaged by the Counteſs of Nottingham, in which her *lovely* Daughter, her auſtere guardian, and a maid ſervant were paſſengers, had nearly croſſed half the ſtrait, when they were chaſed by one of thoſe free-booters, which, during hoſtilities, were private ſhips of war; and now, in peace, becoming the poſſeſſion of outlaws and ſmugglers, make depredations alike on friend and foe. By contraband unlawful traffic they were enabled to keep up ſhips of force, and their crews muſt be

be conſidered more as pirates than in any other characters.

After a few ſhot had been exchanged, the rover ſent his boat; took out what he wanted, or thought valuable in itſelf; or which could, by any means, be converted into money. The baggage appertaining to the ladies, as well as the perſons of Matilda and her female ſervant, came under this *latter denomination;* and perhaps the beauty of our heroine, who through her grief and tears was ſtill an object of admiration, might make them think her a moſt valuable prize, eſtimating the amount of her ranſom by the beauty, and dignity of her appearance.

Though depraved *enough*, they were not however, *ſo loſt* to every thing good and virtuous as to treat *her* with diſreſpect; and the Captain, when he gave her aſſurances of ſafety, ſpoke truth, in what he conceived complimentary language. It might be well here to relate what became

of

of Lady Nottingham's obſequious relation, Matilda's willing guardian, when her ward was put on board the rover, and how it happened that a perſon of her conſequence ſhould be left in the other veſſel. Not that we will ſuſpect our Readers of being anxious *over-much* concerning the fate of a woman, who had, with ſo much *improper* zeal and condeſcenſion, undertaken what was in itſelf ſo wrong, and even wicked, but merely for the ſake of method, we ſhall recite all particulars: Lady Nottingham's friend, be it known then, immediately upon going on ſhip-board, took poſſeſſion of a cabin, by way of pre-eminence *there*, called a *ſtate room*, but totally unlike any thing we can ſuppoſe to properly bear ſuch an appellation.

In the hurry and confuſion which prevailed whilſt the booty was removed from the pacquet to the pirate, either that cloſe receſs eſcaped notice, or, if it was ſearched, the venerable appearance of the duenna-like matron, whoſe berth (it was in ſea phraſe

phraſe called) prevented her being expoſed to the ſame danger her more youthful companion and maid ſervant incurred.

In truth we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that in the vale of years, in extreme diſhabille, very ſea ſick, and crammed as it were into a pigeon hole, ſhe offered no very agreeable prize; or, perhaps, it would have required more courage than came to the ſhare of even a buccaneer, to have ſeized and diſlodged her from her den, fortified as ſhe was with uglineſs, and with ſome auxiliary paſſions, not the moſt tender, or particularly calculated to expreſs paſſive obedience: but the hiſtorian, *anxious* as he is upon this occaſion, as he does not know, nor ever will poſitively, cannot impart it; and has only offered a conjecture on a ſubject ſo intricate and doubtful: certain it is, however, that although from the ſituation ſhe was in, ſhe muſt have been ſenſible of what was tranſacting, ſhe did not indulge or exert her talent for loquacity, in which ſhe had ever been conſi-

dered

dered by the family as wonderfully gifted and expert, or ſhe had now, by inſiſting upon not being ſeparated from Matilda, a fair opportunity of an heroic exhibition; it is poſſible too, the Counteſs might, in ſuch an emergency, have expected ſuch a glorious proof of the power of her eloquence, as ſhe had before parting (at the concluſion of a very long and pointed harangue, in which ſhe exerted all her rhetoric) declared, with peculiar emphaſis, that, as long as *ſhe* was truſted to guard the honor of *the houſe*, in the perſon of Lady Matilda, ſo long it ſhould be ſafe; and indeed ſhe had, with no very pleaſing manner, aſſured her ward that ſhe ſhould never be truſted out of her ſight: whether ſhe *meant* this threat to convey as much ſeverity as Matilda thought it implied, is of no conſequence *now*, but it *was* certainly intelligence of the moſt diſtreſsful nature to her, at the moment.

Leſt it might be deemed improper, we ſhall only with great caution obſerve, that ſhe

ſhe *ſeemed* to be deſtined to expiate the unworthineſs of the office ſhe had undertaken, by ſharing the inevitable fate which awaited every unfortunate perſon in that devoted veſſel.

It befits not man to ſay, for *ſuch* or *ſuch* a crime has Heaven now puniſhed thee: but when misfortune follows ſo quick upon the heels of offence, it is a reflection which will naturally occur, and may lead to ſalutary purpoſes, if properly conſidered.

But to return to Matilda: whilſt the tempeſt raged, which commenced immediately after they had changed their veſſel, the thoughts of the crew had been taken up with their own ſafety. In the height of the danger two of them came down to the cabin for ſomething neceſſary upon deck, and their diſcourſe was calculated to give thoſe who heard it no very flattering idea of the ſituation they were in; and the extreme peril they were then expoſed to would naturally enough gain belief, from

from the violent and extraordinary motion, as well as from the dreadful combination of noiſes, and the unaccountable din attending a ſhip in ſuch a perilous ſtate.

"Jack," ſays one of them, "I think the very devils have ſet the ſky, winds, and ſeas together by the ears;" "They are hard at it, ſure enough," replied his comrade, "but let who will give in, *we* ſhall never ſee land again;" "it's a dead match then," ſaid the other, "but I wiſh I had the old witch in the other veſſel; *to my mind*, it's that hag has brewed all this miſchief;" and up they went with what they came for, as unmindful as they were ill prepared to meet the end which they ſaw, and acknowledged every moment threatened them.

When the ſtorm abated, licentious mirth, with great exceſs of drunken joy, expreſſed what *they* felt for their late deliverance; while the fair priſoner and her attendant, although doubtful what might be their deſtiny

deſtiny in future, ſhewed by their grateful effuſions, the high *ſenſe* they entertained of their preſent ſafety, and to what Being they were indebted. As it had been two days and nights impoſſible to govern the veſſel in any courſe, ſhe had been drifted to where it pleaſed the ſeas and winds to ſend her; when it became leſs tempeſtuous, and the crew could form any judgment, they found themſelves near the Scilly Iſlands, and in one of their ſmall and moſt unfrequented harbours, they reſolved to puſh, to repair ſome damages which the veſſel had ſuſtained, and which threatened her ſafety, and, perhaps, to give a few days to jollity and eaſe, after their late inceſſant toils and watching.

Whether the Captain of this ruffian band became enamoured; as well he might, of his lovely captive, or the ſhip in reality required more work to enable her to put to ſea, has never yet tranſpired; certain it is, that his behaviour daily grew more courteous, and undoubtedly his reſpect increaſed:

increaſed: he loſt no opportunity of rendering her life, on this deſolate ſpot, and in this trying ſituation, as little irkſome as it well could be, aſſuring her, that he would take the earlieſt moment to land her where ſhe might again behold her friends.

She had, with all the natural eaſe and dignity ſhe poſſeſſed, related to him ſome particulars of her life, which might have touched his heart, or what is more probable ſtill, he might wiſh to reap the great advantages ſhe held out to him, if ſhe was reſtored; her conſequence and family too, moſt likely induced him to wiſh her ſafe out of his hands. They remained, however, ſeveral weeks where they expected to be but a few days; their buſineſs proceeded ſlowly, and it is uncertain when they would have put to ſea, had not their fears and their diligence been awakened by danger more imminent, in their opinion, than ſtorms, or even ſhip-wreck.

A fiſh-

A fiſherman, who returned from one of the moſt diſtant iſles of this barren cluſter, brought accounts that two royal ſhips were not many leagues off, in queſt of piratical marauders; having, probably, received information that veſſels anſwering that deſcription were now in that quarter. In a moment a general alarm and buſtle pervaded the whole ſhip's company, and ſeemed to have reached the few inhabitants on the iſland: hurry and confuſion, for a while prevailed, but ſoon recovering from it, and feeling that their ſafety depended upon their diligence, they in a few hours did as much as might have taken many days, when not ſpurred on by perſonal conſiderations. *Before night* the ſhip was tolerably refitted, and every one on board; when taking advantage of the protection its darkneſs afforded, they ſhaped their courſe up the Engliſh Channel, thinking to elude the vigilance of thoſe, their crimes aſſured them, were in queſt of them.

The reſpect with which the Captain treated Lady Matilda and her companion, together with his promiſe of putting them on ſhore when he thought it could be done with ſafety to himſelf and aſſociates, had, (not doubting his ſincerity) ſo much compoſed her mind, as to render her more at eaſe than could have been expected, in ſuch a ſituation. How long this deference and reſpect could be expected to laſt, with company ſo little accuſtomed to it, is doubtful, but Matilda knew not wrong, and therefore feared none; and ſhe was not ſo much a prey to apprehenſion as one more verſed in the evil habits of the world; her mind was clad in purity, and ſhe could not harbour thoughts injurious to others, without very juſt and viſible provocation.

For ſome days adverſe winds impeded their progreſs, and they were forced to work up Channel. One evening, as they were ſtanding in near the coaſt of Devonſhire, a large ſhip appeared without them,

and

and neared them every moment: great, it may be ſuppoſed, was the diſmay on board the pirate, though every precaution and preparation which *courage* in a better cauſe, could have ſuggeſted, was inſtantly adopted. They ſaw it was impoſſible to avoid coming to blows, and though her force was much an over match, they determined to behave in a manner that would have ſcared leſs deſperate men.

Our poor lady had now the unlooked-for misfortune of being if not an eye witneſs, yet expoſed to the horrors of an obſtinate ſea fight; which laſted above an hour, and in which much blood was ſpilled: during the interval of time, ſo ſhocking to the fears and feelings of a female, the pirate made a running fight, and finding it impoſſible to get without his enemy and eſcape, drew in towards the ſhore, in hopes of endangering him in ſhallow water; at length, as it grew dark, he himſelf got ſo near, that he never found it poſſible to work off again; and his diſabled veſſel

drawn in by currents, and baffled by ſlight and various winds, *ſtruck*, and fixed upon a ſunken rock; whilſt his opponent, more cautious, and more wiſe, not having the ſame reaſon to run all hazards, ſtopped his courſe in time, kept further out to ſea, and eſcaped the like misfortune.

The pirate, who knew the coaſt to a nicety, (one reaſon for his making ſo free with it) it being an inlet where they uſually landed their ill-acquired treaſure, or their ſmuggled property, was now caught in the ſnare he had prepared for his adverſary; but the wind being moderate, and the ſea calm, he proceeded, with as much diligence and conduct as the caſe would allow, to take out the moſt valuable articles in the veſſel, (which could not hold together many hours) and to have them landed, in which the whole crew, as it was a common cauſe, exerted themſelves with wonderful ſtrength and activity; nor were they without ſome conſiderable aſſiſtance from the ſhore, from men, whoſe purſuits bore a family

family likeneſs to that of their friends in diſtreſs, and who had repaired to the beach when alarmed by the firing of cannon in the engagement.

That finiſhed, and Lady Matilda, with her maid, previouſly on ſhore, they left the beach. The crew went in ſearch of more aſſiſtance, by which they were to tranſport what was landed to a place of ſafety: the Captain and two *friends* took charge of the fair captives, all eagerly wiſhing to leave the ſhore at a diſtance behind them, well ſuppoſing that the frigate, for ſo ſhe was, would ſend her boats out as ſoon as returning light made it practicable with ſafety.

Matilda was obliged to walk ſeveral miles; when almoſt breathleſs, and faint with fatigue, they ſtopped at a *well-known* public houſe, the uſual haunt of ſuch wretches when on ſhore: care was taken that ſhe ſhould be properly accommodated, as far as the place would allow; a ſeparate

apartment was allotted to them, more to conceal them, it is probable, than from delicacy to their convenience: from this room, they had not permiſſion to remove, or even to look out, for fear of leading to the detection of their *protectors*.

We ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the fatigue and ſufferings of the unhappy Matilda, during all this extraordinary occurrence, but leave it to the Reader's imagination, only remarking that it was wonderful, ſuch doubts and fears, added to exertions ſo unuſual, ſhould not have overcome her gentle frame: it muſt be preſumed, that her ſuffering innocence was ſometimes cheered with a ray of hope, for bleſſed be Divine Providence, few misfortunes that aſſail us here below, are deep enough to exclude *that* comforter.

As ſoon as it grew dark, they were with great privacy and caution, to prevent obſervation, placed in a covered machine, the Captain and his friends being ſtill their guides,

guides, guards, and companions. After travelling a few miles, Matilda and her attendant alighted, by direction of their conductors, and were led through grounds, which appeared, by the light of the moon, to belong to ſome ſeat of grandeur: little did Matilda imagine ſhe was then walking in a park to which ſhe was not a ſtranger, but leſs did it enter her thoughts, that ſhe was then on the very ſpot where Percy then reſided, and where he was bewailing her (as he thought) untimely and miſerable fate!

It would be taking up the time of the Reader unneceſſarily, to relate in what manner they procured admittance at that time, into the Caſtle; and paſſed through the room of the north wing, where its poſſeſſor was ſo much alarmed, as we have already mentioned; ſuffice it to ſay they proceeded from thence by the ſame way that Sir Albert was conducted by the ruffian, when the happy releaſe of Matilda was the conſequence.

The vaults were unknown to the ſervants in the Caſtle, and indeed to every body but thoſe who belonged to that particular gang, who kept them as magazines for their plundered booty, and ſmuggled goods. An old ſervant, who had been left there many years before, had aſſiſted in giving them poſſeſſion, and the north wing being unoccupied during that time, they were enabled to keep it unobſerved, and, therefore, unmoleſted. It is almoſt needleſs to add, that they did not know of Sir Albert's having choſen it for himſelf. What prevented their returning the way they came, we know not, or how they eſcaped being ſeen or heard, the way they did go, but it is immaterial to this hiſtory.

Leaving lights, and the means of renewing them, with a ſcanty portion of proviſion, diſregarding the prayers and intreaties of the captives, which would have affected hearts leſs ſavage or leſs cautious, they locked them in, and the ponder-

ponderous door, fortified with large iron bolts and bars closed upon them, as if never more to open. Their situation now was dismal beyond all description; notwithstanding the assurances which they had received from those who had immured them, of returning very soon, and giving them their liberty. Every misfortune that had before befallen Matilda, seemed trifling when compared to this, and its horrors every moment increased, after the time had elapsed when the ruffians promised to return.

There is no doubt but these pirates *intended* a prompt *return* when they promised it, but going in quest of the rest of their companions in iniquity, who had their ill-gotten booty in charge, they were longer employed in the search than they expected. Those rogues having thought it a safe and favorable opportunity of dissolving the partnership, had agreed, as they facetiously called it, amongst themselves, to keep the valuables, and let the

Captain and his friends have the *girls*, who were, no doubt, a fortune in themſelves.

As the crews of the men of wars' boats were in ſearch of thoſe who had recently cauſed ſo much bloodſhed, it was impoſſible, without danger of almoſt certain diſcovery to the Captain and aſſociates, to find where the others had ſecreted themſelves; but having ſought in vain, longer than they expected it would be neceſſary, he was ſtruck with the danger to which the *ladies* in the vault would now be expoſed, and he reſolved to relinquiſh his purſuit at that time, and by returning, prevent his priſoners from dying for want of food.

Not without difficulty did he prevail upon the others to accompany him; and it is doubtful whether he could have ſucceeded in it, had he not promiſed them a large ſhare of the expected reward; he knew, luckily, that it was a ſtrong and con-

convincing argument, and probably felt its weight, he laid, therefore, the more ſtreſs upon it, and happily ſucceeded.

We ſhall not undervalue the penetration of our Readers, by being more particularly minute in bringing this part of our *eventful* hiſtory to a concluſion; without paying them ſo ill a compliment, we ſhall inform him or her, that the Lady Matilda having, with inimitable and artleſs grace, concluded a narrative which had intereſted Percy beyond imagination, at times, almoſt wound him up to madneſs: he felt that he adored her a thouſand times more than ever, and he uttered a variety of incoherent, but well-timed ejaculations, which the cold-hearted and unimpaſſioned would probably ſtile abſurdities; but which *were quite* as acceptable, and much more convincing, to his miſtreſs, of the ſhare he took in what befel her, than the moſt ſtudied eloquence.

Although he beheld her adorned with

returning health and beauty, he could not drive from his imagination the horror of her ſituation in the humid, dreary, and unhealthy vault; and when ſhe deſcribed their accumulated diſtreſs in the Caſtle, their proviſions *exhauſted*, and their light *extinguiſhed*, a ſtrong reſemblance of the inevitable fate which ſeemed to await her, it was more than he could bear, and his agitation convulſed the whole man: fortunately, the remorſe, or love of gain, which had prompted the ruffians back to their deliverance, had been the means of placing her where happineſs, and *his* ſociety, ſoon diſpelled all painful retroſpections, and her paſt misfortunes were only remembered as proper incitements to gratitude and love to the Great Ruler of all ſublunary events.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

LADY PERCY, whom we left recovering, at leaſt a degree of compoſure, which nothing but her piety, and never-failing reliance upon Divine Providence, could have effected, received a melancholy, though not inconſiderable, conſolation, which was not entirely unlooked for; Montgomery arrived to ſhare her ſorrow, and mingle his tears with hers. Though abſorbed in grief himſelf, which, it muſt be acknowledged, he might indulge with great propriety, he did not fail to employ his beſt endeavours to ſupport the Mother of his Julia under the preſſure of misfortune, which might otherwiſe in time have almoſt overwhelmed her. Each felt their afflic-

affliction, though not healed, at leaſt, ſoftened by ſuch ſympathy.

Being rather an unwelcome gueſt at the Convent, he took his abode at ſome little diſtance, and gave Lady Percy as much of his ſociety as was poſſible, in her preſent ſtate of health, and calculated to uphold her ſunken ſpirits. In the courſe of a ride, in which he was giving way to all his ſorrows, which he endeavoured to ſuppreſs in the preſence of his unhappy friend, he was ſuddenly awakened from the keenneſs of his ſenſibility, by a voice familiar, and moſt grateful to his ear; and he recollected in an inſtant that the Son of Cornwallis was the intruder upon his ſolitude, and was in a moment ſtruck by the circumſtance, with a recollection alſo, that the habitation of his venerable Father was at no great diſtance. This had entirely before eſcaped his notice, having by no chance paſſed by the cottage; affliction had prevented his memory being ſo true

as

as it was wont to be, to the common offices of friendſhip, and even of gratitude, in this inſtance.

A particular beam of joy however, now ſhot acroſs his imagination, when he recogniſed his friend, remembering, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, that he had news for that family, which would, after all their trials, lift them from poverty and indigence to affluence and joy. Sir Herbert was eaſily perſuaded, having ſuch good tidings to impart, to return with him to the cottage, deſirous of loſing no time in rendering them acquainted with their unexpected and happy change of circumſtances, and the comforts of their future proſpects; and not chuſing to keep his companion in ſuſpence, he informed him on their way, that by the death of his Father's elder Brother, the whole poſſeſſions now became the property of Raymond Cornwallis.

The diſtreſs and internal miſery of Sir Herbert were engraven in characters too legible on his countenance, to have eſcaped

a friend

a friend much leſs intereſted than Cornwallis, who viewed him with a degree of curioſity, and at the end of the account of his own good fortune, ſlightly aſked him the reaſon of his grief, and then *aukwardly*, or, as he thought, coldly received the melancholy ſtory of his misfortune!

Montgomery could not but feel hurt, that the death and miſerable end of a perſon ſo deſervedly dear TO HIM, ſhould make ſo little impreſſion upon a mind, he had flattered himſelf, was endued with proper ſenſibility, and with whom he had felt inclined to form more than common friendſhip: diſappointed; he ſuppoſed that the good news he had juſt made known to him reſpecting his own affairs, and the proſpect it held out of the future ſmiles of fortune, had ſhut up the avenues of his heart, where ſympathy for the ſorrows of his friend ſhould have found an eaſy acceſs.

They ſoon, with very different thoughts of

of each other, arrived at the cottage, where Sir Albert and himſelf had, in their difficulty, found an aſylum, and had been ſo kindly entertained: here he was again welcomed, and with all that honeſt joy, which ſpoke ſo directly from the heart, that he had forgot, in an inſtant, the fancied coldneſs of his companion. More than uſual buſtle prevailed amongſt them, which he attributed to his ſudden, and unexpected approach; but he thought he obſerved more joy in their manner, even after he had informed them of the ſorrowful reaſon of his ſo quick return to that country, than was conſiſtent with the character he had given them all credit for; and a degree of ſurpriſe, bordering on reſentment, was the conſequence, which he had ſome pain to overcome; notwithſtanding this, in conſideration of the paſt, and to turn the converſation from what oppreſſed him, as well as to beſtow happineſs where he could, though not able to poſſeſs it himſelf, he imparted the glad tidings we have before related. Though great was the

the joy on the occaſion, for which the elder part of the family, particularly Raymond, with moſt devout and ſincere fervor returned thanks to God, yet it was evident, that ſomething elſe occupied a great part of their thoughts and attention. By *whiſpering*, and frequently leaving the room, they gave indications of expecting ſomething, what that was, Sir Herbert could neither gueſs, or, perhaps, much wiſhed to know; when a voice, accompanied by a lute, in the adjoining room, ſtruck his ear with aſtoniſhment; for, indeed the *words* he had compoſed himſelf, the *voice* was his Julia's, and in a moment Julia was in his preſence, and with her every happineſs Heaven could beſtow.

It is proper the Reader ſhould now be informed by what manner Julia had been ſo miraculouſly ſaved from a deſtiny, which had ſeemed as certain as it was ſhocking, and found ſafety with perſons ſo happy to afford it to her; probably the only ones in that neighbourhood, who would

would not have immediately re-conveyed her to the remains of her priſon.

Young Raymond was upon a charitable viſit, in the immediate vicinity of the Convent with a friend, who, by an accident, had the misfortune to fracture a limb. In the middle of the night, he, with all the neighbourhood, were rouſed with the alarm bell of the Convent, and in a moment the cauſe of its being rung ſo violently, was explained, by a burſt of flame which iſſued from its time-worn roofs. With the alacrity and ſpirit he inherited from his Father, he ſprung to the ſcene of confuſion and horror, whilſt many others were only making fruitleſs enquiries how it happened, and with innumerable pious, well-meaning, ejaculations, often croſſing themſelves, as is uſual in that religion; *he* flew from one ſcene of diſtreſs to another, where danger moſt threatened, to aid and deliver the unhappy ſufferers.

Fortunately for Julia, he had climbed the

the lofty walls, and deſcended into the garden, directly under the apartment in which ſhe was confined during the night; there the cries of diſtreſs had led *him* alone, and the accents of deſpair in his native tongue, imploring Heaven for deliverance, called forth all that courage, which had never yet ſlept, when ſuffering innocence was in danger. Every worthy feeling he poſſeſſed was now, in a particular manner aroufed to action: a female, his countrywoman too, ready to be conſumed by fire, was an object which would have ſpurred on a very coward to exertion; happily young Raymond was of a nation, and of a temper too, never ſlack becauſe danger threatened, when to encounter it a fellow-creature could be ſaved: no time was to be loſt; the flame quickly approached; and impending ruin ſeemed almoſt inevitable to the unhappy priſoner, before he could find any means of getting up to the window, where Julia ſtood, holding through the bars her lovely ſupplicating hands, beſeeching aſſiſtance with

with all the terror which the horror of her ſituation naturally occaſioned. At length, as if Heaven had made her innocence its peculiar care, when he ſhuddered for her fate, he ſuddenly, and unexpectedly, found a ladder which, in the day time, had been uſed by the gardener of the Convent, and not removed as uſual: it afforded him a way up juſt as he had deſpaired of ever reaching it. There mounted, he, with infinite difficulty, and which probably in no other cauſe he could have effected, wrenched one of the bars from the ruſted faſtening, and lifted out the captive, now almoſt expiring with apprehenſion. In a few moments after ſhe was in ſecurity, the flames ſpread with rapidity inconceivable to that part of the Monaſtery from which ſhe had juſt been extricated.

As ſoon as ſhe recovered from the ſwoon her fears had thrown her into, ſhe was extremely ſurpriſed to be aſſured, in the Engliſh language, by her deliverer, that her danger was over.

The

The diſagreeable peculiarity of her ſituation in the Convent, immediately preſented itſelf to her imagination, not without ſome idea of turning the misfortune ſhe had juſt been reſcued from to her advantage; but it is probable, in the ſtate of alarm and doubt in which ſhe was, ſcarcely knowing what to wiſh, but much leſs how to act, ſhe would have made no uſe of it, if the perſon who freed her, poſſibly obſerving her doubts, had not aſked her if her confinement in the Monaſtery was voluntary or not, aſſuring her that he was an Engliſh gentleman by birth, that his name was Cornwallis, though now inhabiting a ſmall cottage in the neighbourhood; that if ſhe wiſhed to be releaſed from the Convent, ſhe had now a good opportunity, as he could venture, without fear of detection, to take her to a place of ſecurity.

The moment Julia heard the name, many circumſtances which had before come to her knowledge, ruſhed upon her recollection;

tion; ſhe frankly told him who ſhe was, and claimed his aſſiſtance with all that confidence her innocence inſpired. It is only neceſſary to add, that with much difficulty, ſurmounted by courage and perſeverance, they reached the cottage, and he had the heart-felt delight of reſcuing the Siſter and deſtined Wife of his lately acquired benefactors, and of placing her in ſafety under the protection his humble roof afforded, where the happy meeting between her and Sir Herbert took place.

It is no wonder that this worthy, though young and intrepid friend, ſhould receive the melancholy relation of Montgomery with awkwardneſs; he was at a loſs how to act, fearing, if he at once made the happy diſcovery, the tranſition from exceſs of grief to exceſs of joy, might be too powerful; and although he anticipated with extreme pleaſure the ſcene we have been deſcribing, he thought it better to truſt to the judgment of his family for the denoüement; but it was impoſſible for him, poſ-

ſeſſing

ſeſſing ſo fortunate a ſecret, to caſt into his face that look of ſympathy, ſorrow, and compaſſion, which Sir Herbert had reaſon to expect from one he had ſo kindly ſerved.

As ſoon as the much enamoured pair, now more than ever ſo, could tear themſelves from each other, our blithſome Knight returned to the ſorrowing Mother, whoſe grief was ſoon changed to joy, and thankfulneſs to Heaven, for the felicity ſhe at length enjoyed. Her darling Daughter very ſoon bleſſed her with the certainty of her ſafety, and the Lady Abbeſs being ſhewn the order which the Marquis had given Lady Percy, they repaired to Paris, anxious now only to learn the fate of poor Roland.

The happy trio did not leave a ſpot where they had experienced ſo much grief, without every proper demonſtation of gratitude to thoſe who had been ſo inſtrumental in changing it to joy; who, on their

their part, wiſhed for no acknowledgments, they were perfectly ſatisfied with the thanks of their own hearts, and the pride of having well done.

As it is neceſſary to account for the change which took place in the affairs of Cornwallis, we ſhall briefly inform our Readers, that the late Baronet had received a ſevere fall, in hunting, which proved fatal.

Struck with his fate, ſo ſimilar to his Father's, and touched with compaſſion and remorſe for the ſufferings and ill uſage of his Brother Raymond and his children, he made what reparation fortune enabled him to do; he bequeathed him all he was worth, with reverſion to them. He died, bewailing his having loſt ſight of them and their intereſt ſo long, and praying that thoſe who ſhould be happy enough to ſee them, would requeſt their forgiveneſs for his neglect. The worthy heir received the news as became him; with compoſure

on his own account, and a tear for the fate of his Brother, and the ſorrow he had teſtified. He wiſhed, in vain, that they could have embraced, that he might have aſſured him of his forgiveneſs and affection: for his children's ſake, he was thankful and overjoyed; for himſelf and for his remaining days in this world, he thought little, his mind had long dwelt on that better one to come.

Cornwallis having in a ſhort time adjuſted his affairs, his fortune enabled him to reward the peaſant who aſſiſted in reſcuing his children when bound by the banditti, by making over to him the cottage he inhabited, he bid adieu to France, ſometimes remembering the many ſad hours he had experienced there, but amply compenſated by the juſtice his conſcience did him, and the proſpect he now had of quitting life without a pang about the future deſtiny of thoſe he left behind him. He, in due time, after a proſperous journey, took poſſeſſion of the ſeat of his anceſtors.

The

The ſcenes both of enjoyment and pain which came acroſs his recollection, forced ſighs, and even tears down his aged cheeks. Alas! thought he, how much miſery would my parent have prevented to all his family, and eſcaped himſelf, had he not been governed, in his ſecond choice, more by his eye and imagination, than by wiſdom and judgment.

He forgot not the two faithful ſervants who, in his youth, had rendered him ſuch eſſential ſervices, but they were long gone, and now lived only in his remembrance, or in the recollection of thoſe who honor modeſt worth, though found among the poor and humble. The day of their death, (for many years paſt) he ſaw, not without ſorrow, recorded in the church-yard. The good man dropt a tear over the remains of thoſe ſo like himſelf, but remembering their virtues and piety, he checked his grief, praying that his end might be like theirs.

We return now to thoſe ſo unexpectedly made happy by the recovery of their loſt Julia: they ſoon reached the Capital, where their firſt and moſt anxious enquiries were directed for the fate of Roland, who for his real worth, and the friendſhip he bore them, as much as from ties of blood, was deſervedly dear to them. From the accounts they received, no comfort could be derived; every bad ſymptom followed each other, in rapid and alarming ſucceſſion, and the unfortunate victim of love and honor had only one wiſh, a trying one to the object of it: it was once more to ſee his Adelaide, before he cloſed his eyes for ever.

A meſſenger had been immediately diſpatched, and the Mother now urged her lovely mourning child as earneſtly to haſten her departure, as ſhe before had adviſed her not to go. Anxious ſolicitude gave wings to their ſpeed, and in as ſhort a ſpace of time as the journey could be performed, they were in the preſence of the Marquis, whoſe

whoſe unutterable anguiſh told them inſtantly, that the hopes they had ſometimes indulged were deluſive in the extreme.

Worldly men are too apt, in deſperate circumſtances, to graſp at ſhadows, and to find a ray of hope where none is to be ſeen.

The Marquis had indulged the fond imagination, that the preſence of Adelaide might be of ſervice to his child; alas! his life was only prolonged till he could once more behold her, and then expire. In a few moments after her hand had been locked in his, and her head had gently ſunk upon his neck, he breathed, rather than articulated, "Adieu my Adelaide." Almoſt lifeleſs herſelf, ſhe was conveyed from a ſcene where Roland had ceaſed to live.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE behaviour of Roland to his Father, and thoſe around him, for the laſt days of his illneſs, had there been room for any thing but ſorrowing affliction, would have raiſed their admiration to the higheſt. His manly, delicate, and affectionate manner to the Marquis, made his loſs, and worth more felt, becauſe more fully known by that perſon, who was now, perhaps, as miſerable a being as ever had exiſtence.

From his Lady it was impoſſible to expect much comfort or conſolation; his Daughter's light and cruel behaviour precluded every idea of affection or ſympathy on

on her part; and to his injured, but kind Sifter, he was obliged for the only moments of eaſe or ſatisfaction he ever after experienced. That Lady (herſelf tried in the ſchool of adverſity) flew with affectionate zeal to her diſconſolate Brother, made him *feel* the truths ſhe was ſo able to inſtruct him in, and by the moſt tender perſuaſive eloquence, at length, brought his mind to that only deſirable temper in affliction—reſignation to the will of Divine Providence, and heart-felt repentance for paſt offences.

Commiſeration ſweet, followed the gentle Adelaide wherever ſhe went, and ſhe found a friend in every boſom capable of enjoying ſuch an heavenly gueſt; but it was to the kindneſs of her friend Julia ſhe was moſt indebted, who affectionately ſoothed her ſorrows, till time had worn away the keenneſs of their edge. She had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the ill poſture of her Father's fortunes re-eſtabliſhed by the Marquis, who gave generous proof that

his late trials had not been borne in vain; and his misfortunes, it is worth obſerving, had ſome influence upon the future conduct of de Veſins, whoſe worthy Lady and intereſting Daughter, nearly allied to Lady Percy and her family by virtues and affection, in time forgot that they could no otherwiſe be united.

Although we cannot imagine our amiable Readers particularly intereſted on the Earl of Beaufort's account, yet as he intruded himſelf among our dramatis perſonæ, not only by aſpiring to the hand of Lady Matilda, but by induſtriouſly and maliciouſly contributing to her diſtreſſes, and the miſery of her beloved Percy, we wiſh not to conceal the conduct he purſued, or the puniſhment that awaited his execrable purpoſes.

King James being made acquainted with his deteſtable character, conceived the moſt perfect contempt for this inſignificant and unworthy courtier, and very ſoon after the

the death of his predeceſſor, deprived him of the high poſts which he had filled for a long time without either credit or honor to himſelf.

Beaufort, at once mortified and enraged, dared even to meditate revenge againſt his Sovereign, and it was not long before an opportunity occurred which gave, in idea, full gratification to the malevolence of his propenſity. A foul conſpiracy was at that time on foot, which included the King and both Houſes of Parliament. The ringleaders no ſooner heard of the diſgrace of Beaufort, than they communicated to him this horrid and dark plot, conſidering him as a likely and willing agent to aſſiſt them in executing their deſigns. In this they were not deceived, for he eagerly engaged in their diabolical plan, and gloried in the treaſon, maliciouſly anticipating the miſchiefs that muſt follow. Fortunately he had not long to enjoy his triumph, for ſoon after the dreadful ſecret was made known, and all

was

was providentially fruſtrated. He felt in proportion, terror and diſappointment, and dreading a juſt puniſhment, haſtily withdrew from the metropolis, abandoning his party, like a true villain, he ſought concealment in a diſtant county. The houſe in which he for a while took refuge was ſoon diſcovered, and ſurrounded by the friends of the King. They dragged him forth, and having treated him firſt with every mark of contumely, they cut him in pieces, and ſcarcely allowed him a moment to utter even a prayer to the Almighty, if, as we hope, he was ſo inclined. Thus did juſtice overtake this unworthy courtier, whoſe honors and fortunes were, fortunately for his ſurviving relatives, buried for ever in oblivion.

We cannot in ſilence paſs over the heart-felt pleaſure which Sir Raymond Cornwallis experienced in being able to trace the reſidence of the worthy merchant who had with ſo much liberality exerted

erted himſelf in extricating Louiſa and her family from pecuniary diſtreſſes. He embraced the earlieſt opportunity of repaying the ſum ſo generouſly advanced when there was not even a proſpect of its being returned. He became an annual viſitor at their caſtle, and by his ſociety abundantly contributed to the comfort they enjoyed.

Lady Matilda muſt not be ſuppoſed to have neglected due attention to the faithful *Eliza*, who found means ſo effectually to alleviate her ſorrows when under confinement at Lady Nottingham's. Such affection merited and met with its reward. Through life ſhe poſſeſſed the confidence and eſteem of thoſe whom ſhe had ſo kindly ſerved, being conſidered rather as a friend than a dependant. Her amiable qualities attracted the regard of Mr. Wentworth, the ſteward, a very worthy and reſpectable man, to whom at no very diſtant period ſhe was united.

Sir

Sir Albert could not but conſider *the Pirate* (though unintentionally) as the cauſe of his preſent felicity, therefore not only granted him his liberty, but finding him thoroughly ſenſible of his paſt ill-conduct, and determined to lead a new life, he gave him an appointment in his eſtabliſhment, and he was ever after conſidered as a very worthy dependant, and to the houſe of Percy one of its moſt faithful adherents.

But to return for the laſt time to the happy circle we have left.—Lady Percy had not only the extreme felicity of ſeeing her Son and Daughter's happineſs placed in the keeping of thoſe moſt likely to enſure its durability, but the *little leſs ſatisfaction* of pouring balmy conſolation into the diſtreſsful wounds the minds of a beloved Brother and another dear friend had received.

After a while, her Son prevailed upon her, with the circle of her friends, to viſit England

England, and witneſs the happineſs he enjoyed in his native land; where the virtues and winning beauties of Matilda very ſoon made her ſenſible, that ſhe had fond maternal affection to beſtow upon another Daughter, in warmth little inferior to her love for Julia.

She had the ſatisfaction too, of being made acquainted with the venerable Cornwallis, and the comforts confirmed to him by the happineſs of his worthy family: and it is with pleaſure we have to obſerve, that the country round theſe two ancient manſions, univerſally and ſincerely partook of the joy which filled the hearts of their noble owners.

Thus bleſſed by the hand of Providence, and happy in each other, and in themſelves, this amiable ſociety enjoyed as many hours of bliſs as mortals could expect. Each circling year furniſhed them with new exemplary delights; the remembrance

brance of their paſt misfortunes only ſerving to awaken their gratitude to that Being whoſe mercy and goodneſs they had ſo powerfully experienced.

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7 AP 94
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Errata.

Page 9, l. 22, after *when* add *ever.*

59, l. 8, for *virulent* read *violent.*

150, l. 23, dele *ſo.*

288, l. 1, for *irreſiſtable* read *irreſiſtible.*

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